

GREEK PHOTOPLAYS



EFFIE SEACHREST

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By
EFFIE SEACHREST

*Illustrated with four plates in color by
EDWIN HOWLAND ELASHFIELD
and two hundred twenty half tones from
photographs taken by the author*



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Dedicated to
William Walker
the friend of little children

AN APPRECIATION

May the father of the gods bestow his choicest gifts upon the gods and goddesses who made possible this book: the little children who posed for the pictures; Miss Phyllis Muirden, who assisted in staging some of the plays; Mr. Edwin Howland Blashfield, who made the beautiful color drawings; and my mother, whose love pinned Mercury's wings to tired feet.

THE AUTHOR

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PROSERPINA



Down the dark caverns went Pluto, carrying the frightened Proserpina



*In a beautiful garden a lovely
bright-eyed maiden danced*

*Many a happy hour she passed
among the sunlit flowers*

In a beautiful garden of the gods in Sicily, near Mount Aetna, a lovely bright-eyed maiden danced joyously among her flowers. There were blossoms of every kind and color in that garden. There were purple violets and spicy pinks and tall lilies and nodding scarlet poppies. Close beside a lovely lake grew the white narcissus, slender and fragrant. It was Proserpina, the fairy-like daughter of Jupiter and Demeter, who flitted so lightly from flower to flower in her beautiful garden. Many a happy hour she passed among the sunlit flowers,



Now gathering the sweet-smelling blossoms

Now weaving them into graceful garlands

now gathering the sweet-smelling blossoms,
now weaving them into graceful garlands.

Now and then as Proserpina bent over her flowers, a shadow flitted lightly across her bright face, for often she found no blossoms on the stems.

"What a curious kind of flower," she murmured, picking off a shiny little brown pod. She smelled it and slowly cast it on the ground. Then she sat quietly for a long time, gazing sadly at the queer-looking blossoms around her. Finally Proserpina with a sigh



*Proserpina gathered a handful of the
little brown pods*

*"See, mother, what strange blossoms
I have found"*

gathered a handful of the little brown pods and carried them to Demeter, who was weaving a soft emerald carpet for the gods to walk upon.

"See, mother, what strange blossoms I have found," cried Proserpina. "My narcissus has no more flowers, only these brown things."

"Oh, seeds," exclaimed Demeter. "Thy narcissus has only changed her gown, dear. She is wearing her brown winter dress. She has dresses of many colors in her wardrobe. She can wear a new one every minute."

"Every minute?" questioned Proserpina.



*Weeping, Proserpina cast the seeds
on the ground*

*"Run and play," said Demeter,
kissing her daughter*

"Yes, dear, every minute," replied Demeter. "Thou dost not notice the change in color, for it is very slight."

"But I do not like this dress," and, weeping, Proserpina cast the seeds on the ground.

Her mother stooped and carefully picked up each tiny pod. Handing them to her daughter, she said, "Some day thou wilt see beauty in this dress as well as in the one of brighter hue. To thy keeping do I intrust these seeds. Guard them most carefully. Now run and play," said Demeter, kissing her daughter.



*A low noise, like distant thunder,
was heard*

*"That must be Jupiter's call. I must
find Proserpina"*

So Proserpina, comforted and holding fast her seeds, ran joyously back to her flowers.

Suddenly a shadow overcast the sky, and a low noise, like distant thunder, was heard. "That must be Jupiter's call," exclaimed Demeter, listening. "I must find Proserpina." Half anxiously she looked about her, turned, and hastened toward the palace.

In the dark caverns underneath the flowers, the king of the dead, Pluto, Jupiter's brother, restlessly roamed back and forth from one dark chamber to another. Everywhere he



All day the moans of the sorrow-stricken had rung in Pluto's ears

Finally he put his hand over his eyes to shut out the evil things

looked he saw dark, slimy things, moldering bones, and foul, muddy water. All day the moans of the sorrow-stricken had rung in Pluto's ears. The drip, drip of the water against the jagged rocks echoed through the dark chambers. Finally he put his hand over his eyes to shut out the evil things, but only louder and more piercing were the wails of the lost ones.

"I must have light and happiness," he exclaimed, striking the rocks a mighty blow. Instantly an opening appeared above him.



Pluto climbed the rocky cliff and peered out into the landscape

Pluto looked closer and saw the lovely figure of Proserpina

Pluto climbed the rocky cliff and peered out into the distant landscape. Before him, lining the blue sky with its soft, billowy clouds, lay the purple-blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea. Near by was a lovely flower garden. Behind it stood tall, mysterious-looking cypress trees. Pluto looked closer, and there, sitting among the flowers, he saw the lovely figure of Proserpina. "Oh, ho! Who's that playing among the flowers?" he whispered softly to himself. "Ah! 'Tis Proserpina. How bright and happy she looks!



*"She shall be my queen and
brighten my dark realms"*

*"I will crown her with the
wreath she is making"*

She shall be my queen and brighten my dark realms for me. The beauty and perfume of her flowers shall adorn the graves of the dead. Pluto has spoken." Then again striking the rocks a mighty blow, he murmured, "Pluto has spoken." Swiftly he left the damp caverns of the underworld and crept up close to Proserpina. Hidden by the tall flowers, he watched her gather the fragrant white lilies and twine them together. "I will crown her with the wreath she is making," thought Pluto.



"Oh, there's a narcissus! How glad I am!" cried Proserpina

"I thought some one called," she murmured in a perplexed tone

"Oh, there's a narcissus! How glad I am!" cried Proserpina, jumping up and reaching forth her tiny hand to gather a stray blossom from among the seed pods. "How lovely it is! I thought the flowers had all turned to brown seeds. I must run and show it to mother."

A noise startled her. She glanced about. "I thought some one called," she murmured in a perplexed tone. Then she took a step forward and half stumbled into a great dark hole in the ground. She leaned forward, and



*Out of the darkness a strange hand
stretched forth*

*She gasped, "Mother, Mother!
Save me! Save me!"*

out of the darkness a strange hand stretched forth, opened, and closed around her. As she felt herself being drawn down she gasped, "Mother, Mother! Save me! Save me!"

Down the dark caverns went Pluto, carrying the frightened Proserpina. Vainly he tried to soothe the maiden. "Weep not, my beautiful one, thou shalt be Pluto's queen. Thy bright smile shall cheer my dismal abode. Thou shalt bring joy and sunshine to the wailing ones." The maiden gave no answer. She thought she never could smile in those



*"It is so dark and cold down here,"
wailed Proserpina*

*"Please let me return to my beautiful
home," she sobbed*

dark chambers. And how could anyone bring joy to people who moaned so sadly?

"It is so dark and cold down here," wailed Proserpina. "I want my flowers. Please let me return to my beautiful home," she sobbed.

Pluto's heart was touched. He thought of the beautiful sea with its rainbow tinted waves, of the trees with their delicately perfumed blossoms, of the flowers with their beautiful shapes. Then he glanced about him. Dark rocks and crawling creatures met his gaze. Smiling, and reaching forth his hand,



Pluto picked up a pomegranate and handed it to Proserpina

Instantly she recognized the delicate pink seeds

Pluto picked up a pomegranate and handed it to Proserpina, saying, "Eat, Proserpina, of this fruit. It will do thee good."

Proserpina hesitated, for she was afraid. Everything seemed so strange to her. No sunshine, no trees, no sky greeted her. "Eat," coaxed Pluto, cutting open the pomegranate. Proserpina took the fruit in her hand. Instantly she recognized the delicate pink seeds. She began to eat them. "How delicious!" she said, forgetting all her troubles.

Dark thoughts filled Pluto's mind as he



*"She will not be happy, yet I cannot
give her up"*

*At once the lovely eyes closed
in slumber*

watched Proserpina eat the seeds. "She will not be happy," he thought, "yet I cannot give her up." So desire and duty struggled within him. After a time he said, "If I let thee return to thy flowers, wilt thou promise to come again and brighten my gloomy abode?"

Proserpina, eating of the fruit, forgot the creeping things about her and promised. Joy filled Pluto's heart. He waved his hand in front of the flower-like face, chanting, "Sleep, Proserpina, sleep." At once the lovely eyes closed in slumber.



Pluto stooped and picked up the seeds that had fallen

*He whispered, "'Tis thy gift,
O Queen. I thank thee"*

Pluto sat and watched the sleeping figure for a long time. Then he stooped and picked up the seeds that had fallen from Proserpina's hand. Looking at them he whispered, "'Tis thy gift, O Queen. I thank thee." Then he slipped into the shadows.

Demeter hastened toward her palace. Suddenly she stopped, shivered, and looked about her. The air was filled with tiny flakes of snow. Faster and faster, and thicker and thicker they came, covering the earth with a white mantle and deadening all sounds.



"I must find my child, my beautiful Proserpina"

"Proserpina! Proserpina!" called Demeter again and again

"Oh, it must have been Pluto's voice that I heard," she moaned. "I must find my child, my beautiful Proserpina. I fear Pluto has called her. Oh, woe!" With a low moan Demeter hastened back to the garden. But no Proserpina was there. Only white, shadowy forms here and there peeped up from their white beds. Only a few slender gray-blue shrubs tipped with white met her eyes.

"Proserpina!" called Demeter again and again. No voice answered her. "I must find my child," she cried, and hastened away.



*She sought Jupiter in his palace
on Mount Olympus*

*Kneeling at his feet she told him
of her loss*

Over land and sea wandered Demeter, searching in vain for Proserpina. Finally she sought Jupiter in his palace on Mount Olympus. Kneeling at his feet she told him of her loss. Jupiter gently lifted the kneeling form of the sorrowing mother and tenderly whispered in her ear, "Weep no more, Demeter. Thou shalt see thy child again." Then motioning to Mercury standing near by, he said, "Seek Pluto, and demand of him Proserpina." Mercury hesitated a moment and then said, "Proserpina has eaten of the



*"Pluto has claimed the daughter of
Demeter for his bride"*

*"She shall come again. Mercury
shall bring her"*

fruit of the pomegranate. Pluto has claimed the daughter of Demeter for his bride."

"Thou sayest true," said Jupiter. Turning to Demeter he said, "Thou knowest that whosoever eatest food in Pluto's realm never returns from there. I cannot give Proserpina to thee again, but this I say: Thy child shall remain only a part of the time with Pluto. When the snow is gone, she shall come again. Mercury shall bring her to see thee and for half of the year she shall stay with thee. Art thou comforted?"



*Demeter smiled and exclaimed,
"See, the snow is gone!"*

*"The gods be praised, I shall see
my child again!"*

"It is well. I obey thy will," half sobbed Demeter, turning to leave the palace. When she reached the door Demeter smiled and exclaimed, "See, the snow is gone!" Then she threw herself at Jupiter's feet and in a low, sweet voice said, "The gods be praised, I shall see my child again!"

Mercury hastened to obey Jupiter's will. He put on his shining helmet, carefully fastened his winged sandals, and hastened away to Pluto's dark home. More swiftly than lightning the wings on his sandals carried



*Alone on the rocks slept the
lovely Proserpina*

*"Let us hasten on our way,"
said Mercury*

him to the underworld. Alone on the rocks slept the lovely Proserpina. He leaned over her lightly and whispered, "Thy mother calls thee. Thou art to return to her. See, the snow is gone."

Proserpina awakened. "Didst thou call?" she asked Mercury.

"Thy mother hast sent for thee. Thou art to come with me," answered he. "Let us hasten on our way," said Mercury, taking Proserpina by the hand. Soon they were far from Pluto's dark realms.



*"Mother! Mother!" exclaimed
Proserpina, running to her*

*Soon all the earth was gay with flowers
and glad with singing birds*

When they reached the palace, there stood Demeter, who cried out in a glad voice, "My child!"

"Mother! Mother!" exclaimed Proserpina, running to her. Then a robin's note was heard among the bare boughs of the trees, and with its melody came the beautiful blossom of the narcissus. Every little brown seed that Proserpina had left began to sprout and grow. Soon all the earth was gay with flowers and glad with singing birds in honor of her return.

APOLLO, THE CHILD OF
LIGHT



Then Cupid pulled his bow and let the lead-tipped dart fly



*Jupiter, the father of the gods, sat
on his golden throne*

*In the midst of the gayety
appeared Juno*

There was joy and laughter in Jupiter's palace on Mount Olympus. Lights brightened the golden pillars which upheld the arched ceiling. The shining walls were hung with purple and gold cloth. Jupiter, the father of the gods, sat on his golden throne. Nearby stood Leto, his newly wedded wife. Cupid, the little god of love, sat at his feet. Here and there were gods and goddesses feasting on ambrosia and wishing Leto much joy and happiness.

In the midst of the gayety appeared Juno,



*Cupid, frightened, fell upon his
knees before her*

*Jupiter arose and hastened toward
the angry goddess*

the protector of the home. Anger darkened her face when she looked upon Leto. She approached her with flashing eyes, and said in an angry voice, "Beware! I am Queen of the Heavens. Thou belongest elsewhere. I shall be revenged!"

A shadow seemed to fall upon the scene. Cupid, frightened, fell upon his knees before her. The gods and goddesses gathered in whispering groups around the room. Jupiter arose and hastened toward the angry goddess. But before he reached her she fled, vowing



Juno muttered angrily, "A wanderer shall Leto be"

The angry goddess hid behind the palace walls

vengeance upon Leto. As the door closed upon her Juno muttered angrily, "A wanderer shall Leto be. Juno's voice shall be heard on the land and sea. Leto shall not be more powerful than I. She shall not dwell on Olympus." Then the angry goddess hid behind the palace walls, waiting, listening.

Quietness stole over her as the peace of night closed around the palace of the gods. All was still.

Suddenly Juno heard the noise of fluttering wings. Peering from out her hiding place,



*She saw a white dove fly toward
Jupiter's window*

*"Ha! Ha! 'Tis Jupiter. Now I
shall seek Leto," cried Juno*

she saw a white dove flying toward Jupiter's window. "A message from earth," said Juno, as she watched the dove intently.

Soon the sound of chariot wheels startled her. She peered out into the darkness just as Jupiter stepped into his chariot and drove down to earth on an errand of mercy.

"Ha! Ha! 'Tis Jupiter. Now I shall seek Leto," cried Juno. Instantly she returned to the palace. Entering by a secret door, she hastened to Leto's bed-chamber and dragged the sleeping goddess from her bed. She then



*"Go, and let none on earth or in sea
dare give thee resting place"*

*Leto wandered over land and sea,
seeking in vain for shelter*

pushed her out into the night and locking the gates behind her, cried, "Go, and let none on earth or in sea dare give thee resting place."

Juno watched the flying figure of the frightened Leto until it was out of sight. Then she waved her hand. Instantly from the clouds dropped a golden chariot drawn by beautiful peacocks. Into the chariot stepped Juno and triumphantly returned to her palace on Mount Olympus.

Poor Leto wandered over land and sea, seeking in vain for shelter. Now and then



*She staggered down the rocky cliff
to the water's edge*

*The roaring of the sea seemed to
daze her, and she sank down*

lights gleamed from out the darkness and lured her with false hopes. Always the lights flickered and went out ere she reached them. Finally despair slackened her footsteps.

"If only I could find rest and peace," she thought. In the distance was the gray-blue sea with its buried secrets; behind her the village whose lights had deceived her. As she gazed at the quiet water, she heard its call and answered. She staggered down the rocky cliff to the water's edge. The roaring of the sea seemed to daze her, and she sank down.



*Neptune, the god of the sea, was
riding across the ocean*

*He saw the form of a lovely woman
lying on the sand*

The next day Neptune, the god of the sea, was riding across the ocean, overlooking his dominions. His chariot was a wondrous sea shell drawn by fiery sea horses. Suddenly as he sped along, he saw the form of a lovely woman lying on the sand before him. Leaping from his chariot he hastened toward her. As he bent over her, tears of pity filled his eyes and dropped, one by one, upon her beautiful face. She awakened and looked wildly about her. "Who art thou? Where am I?" she murmured.



"Fear not, fair goddess, I was sent to help thee," said Neptune

"No one helps me, lest Juno curse him," replied Leto

"Fear not, fair goddess, I was sent to help thee," said Neptune.

"Oh, no, that cannot be. No one helps me, lest Juno curse him," replied Leto, and she dropped back wearily again upon the sand.

"Juno can do thee no harm while I am near," said Neptune in a tender voice. "Tell me your story."

Amid sobs and tears Leto told her story. Neptune's pity grew. He felt a great desire to save her. He looked at the sorrowing figure before him and then, casting out all



*Neptune blew a loud blast on his
conch-shell trumpet*

*Then tenderly he led Leto toward
the dolphin*

fear of Juno, he rose and helped Leto to her feet. Turning toward the sea, Neptune blew a loud blast on his conch-shell trumpet. A soft answer came from over the blue and at the same moment appeared a dolphin riding on the crest of a wave. Then a happy smile brightened Neptune's face as he turned to Leto and said, "Wilt thou come with me? Thou wilt find rest and peace in my island home of Delos." Silently Leto took Neptune's hand. Then tenderly he led her toward the dolphin, placed her on its back, climbed on



Soon Leto's twin children, Diana and Apollo, joined her

One day a golden cloud attracted Leto's attention

behind, and they sailed away over the smiling sea to Delos.

For many years Leto lived on the island of Delos. Years of happiness were these, for soon Leto's twin children, Diana and Apollo, joined her, and Neptune and his fishes guarded them.

One day Leto was alone in her garden. Diana and Apollo had run away to play ball in the great cave that overhung the sea.

After a time a golden cloud attracted Leto's attention. In astonishment she watched



*It floated down among the flowers and
out of it stepped Jupiter*

*As the children approached, Jupiter
struck the ground a mighty blow*

as it floated gently down among the flowers and out of it stepped Jupiter. Leto shrank back, but Jupiter's bright smile calmed her fears. Approaching her, he said, "Many years have I watched over thee and thy children. Now the time is at hand when Apollo must take upon himself the duties of a god. A mighty company await him on Olympus. Wilt thou send for him?"

Leto commanded a page to bring Apollo to her and as the children approached, Jupiter struck the ground a mighty blow.



*"Henceforth, Apollo, thou shalt be known
as the Lord of the Silver Bow"*

*"The gods will speak to thee when thou
playest on this lyre"*

A great noise filled the air, and a golden chariot, drawn by a pair of beautiful swans, appeared. Apollo knelt at Jupiter's feet saying, "I give thee greeting, Jupiter."

"Arise," said Jupiter, picking up a silver bow. "Henceforth, Apollo, thou shalt be known as the Lord of the Silver Bow."

Handing a lyre to Apollo, Jupiter continued, "The gods will speak to thee when thou playest on this lyre. The musicians of Olympus shall rejoice at thy coming. Thou shalt bless mankind."



The golden cloud hid Jupiter in its billowy folds and carried him away

They watched the cloud until it lost itself in the dim, purple distance

Then the golden cloud among the flowers floated toward Jupiter, hid him in its billowy folds, and carried him away far out into the blue beyond.

Surprise held Apollo and Diana speechless. Silently through the shimmering light they watched the cloud until it lost itself in the dim, purple distance.

The years on the peaceful island passed happily for Apollo and Diana. Tenderly Leto and the sea maidens cared for and nursed them. Fed on ambrosia by the daughters of the sea



*Diana saw a little bird fluttering
about on the ground*

*"Oh, brother," she cried, "see this-
poor little bird. It's hurt"*

gods, they became immortal. The beauty and freshness of eternal youth were forever theirs.

One day when the two children were roaming in the forest, Diana saw a little bird fluttering about on the ground. It had broken its wing, and was crying piteously. Approaching it, she said tenderly, "Poor little bird!" Then stooping she picked it up gently, and nestling it in the hollow of her hand, she ran to find Apollo. "Oh, brother," she cried, "see this poor little bird. It's hurt. Please make it well."



*Apollo gently touched and stroked
the wounded bird*

*Then he took up his lyre and
began to play*

Apollo gently touched and stroked the wounded bird, then took up his lyre and began to play. As his fingers wandered over the strings he thought of the woods, so wild and lonely; of the moonbeams that sift down through the leaves and paint the ground in quaint patterns; of the birds that brighten the shadows by their wild songs and gay plumage.

Then he sounded the cuckoo note. The bird moved, cocked its head on one side, and burst into a wealth of liquid music. Both children began to dance for joy.



*As they danced, the wounded bird,
still singing, soared away*

*Apollo said, "The gods have called me.
I must go to them"*

Suddenly as they danced, the wounded bird, still singing, soared away toward the woods. With tears in her eyes Diana ran to tell her mother.

Leto cuddled the little one to her and said, "It has only gone to its home, dear. Thou wouldst not keep it and make it unhappy. Run and pick some violets for me." Then she called Apollo to her. Sadly he approached, for he knew the time for parting had come. Kneeling at his mother's feet he said, "The gods have called me. I must go to them."



*Apollo arose, picked up his lyre, and
went toward the mountains*

*Leto bowed her lovely head and
wept sorrowfully*

A smile played over Leto's lovely face, but a tear dropped on Apollo's head as she said, "May the gods bless thee, my son!"

Thoughtfully Apollo arose, picked up his lyre, and went toward the mountains. Leto bowed her lovely head and wept sorrowfully.

Then a heavy mist came up from the earth and covered her. A voice from within the mist cried, "Out of dust wert thou made and to dust shalt thou return." To Diana, standing near, the voice said, "Go thou to the dark forest." Silently she obeyed.



Over hill and valley, past towns and cities, wandered Apollo

Obedient to the call of the gods, fearless, Apollo journeyed on

Over hill and valley, past towns and cities, wandered Apollo, until he came to Mount Parnassus, a thickly wooded mountain. Here in the caves of the mountain lurked the Python, an enormous serpent, who every now and then crept forth, the terror of the people. But, obedient to the call of the gods, fearless, Apollo journeyed on.

As he pushed his way through the tangled undergrowth he suddenly saw two gleaming green eyes. Looking closer he beheld the Python, coiled, mouth open, ready to strike.



*He sent an arrow singing straight
into the monster's heart*

*"The Python is dead. The gods be
praised!" exclaimed Apollo*

Quickly Apollo raised his silver bow and sent an arrow singing straight into the monster's heart.

"The Python is dead. The gods be praised!" exclaimed Apollo. He pushed the Python down the mountain side, and uncovered a tiny spring where the serpent had been resting. He cut away the underbrush, and drank gratefully from the cool, golden water. Then taking up his lyre he began to play upon it softly.

As he played there awakened in him a



*Softer and still softer grew the music
of his lyre*

*Finally it ceased and sleep over-
powered him*

desire to build a wonderful palace, a shrine. Softer and still softer grew the music of his lyre. Finally it ceased and sleep overpowered him.

In his sleep he heard a voice saying, "There shall be no more sickness on the mountain, or in the valley. There shall be no more sorrow or suffering. Joy shall be in this valley. Peace and plenty shall reign throughout the land. On the spot where the Python found a resting place thou shalt build thy palace. Men from far and near shall come to worship at thy shrine."



*Apollo awakened slowly and looked
about him wonderingly*

*"Here I shall build my temple.
The gods have spoken"*

Apollo awakened slowly, looked about him wonderingly, and said, "Here I shall build my temple. The gods have spoken."

So on the spot where he killed the Python Apollo built his shrine. Here, as the voice had said, came kings and shepherds, from near at home and from far distant lands, to worship and to learn the hidden things of Jupiter. And at the foot of the mountain there was built, in time, the splendid city of Delphi.

One day Apollo was sitting before his



*Apollo sang of love and of Daphne,
the beautiful maiden*

*Springing up, he whispered, "I must
find Daphne"*

shrine playing dreamily on his lyre. He sang of love and of Daphne, the beautiful maiden who lived near a mountain stream in the forest beyond.

As he played he was filled with a desire to go and seek her. Springing up, he whispered, "I must find Daphne," and away to the forest he sped in search of her.

He had gone but a short distance into the wood when he saw Cupid, a youth about his own age, approaching. Both youths carried bows and arrows, but the arrows in Cupid's



"Let me see your arrows," said the youth with the silver bow

Then, turning aside, Cupid proudly drew his bow

ivory quiver were so queer they attracted Apollo's attention. "Let me see your arrows," said the youth with the silver bow. Handing them to Apollo, with a mischievous smile, Cupid said, "Beware of the arrow with the leaden shaft. It is my mischief-making arrow and repels love; but this sharp-pointed one with the golden shaft is my peace-maker. It will produce a feeling of love.

"Sometimes I shoot both arrows at lovers, and what fun I have," laughed Cupid. Then, turning aside, he proudly drew his bow.



Apollo began boasting of his wonderful deeds on the mountain

*Cupid hung his head, disconsolate.
He felt unhappy*

Apollo, not to be outdone, began boasting of his wonderful deeds on the wooded mountain. He told of killing the Python, and of building, as the result of his deed, his shrine and the city of Delphi. "And now," boasted Apollo, "peace and plenty fill the land since I killed the deadly Python." Cupid hung his head, disconsolate. He felt unhappy, for he believed that he alone was master of the bow. He tried to think of some great thing he had done—something that was as great as the deeds of Apollo.



*Cupid laughed gleefully as he thought
of his leaden shaft*

*Then he pulled his bow and let the
lead-tipped dart fly*

At that moment Apollo spied the maiden he had been seeking. "'T is Daphne, the beautiful water-nymph of the Vale of Tempe," exclaimed Apollo, hastening away. Daphne, frightened, started to flee.

Cupid laughed gleefully as he thought of his leaden shaft and its power to repel love. Then he pulled his bow and let the lead-tipped dart fly in the direction of the fleeing Daphne. At the same time he quietly reached into his ivory quiver and pulled forth his golden arrow. "Beware, Apollo," he called



*Cupid sent the golden arrow after the
fleet Lord of the Silver Bow*

*Apollo saw before him a beautiful-
maiden peacefully sleeping*

out saucily; then he sent the golden arrow after the fleet Lord of the Silver Bow. Cupid never missed his aim, and in great glee he hung his bow on his shoulder and hastened away.

Apollo ran on and on, but he could not find Daphne. When he grew tired he sat down under the trees beside a waterfall until the deepening shadows warned him of approaching night. He sighed, and rose to return to his temple. Stepping out from under the spreading trees, Apollo saw before him a beautiful maiden peacefully sleeping on a mossy couch.



*Seating himself beside her, Apollo
began to play upon his lyre*

*The maiden, roused from her slumber
by the music, listened*

It was Daphne. Seating himself beside her, Apollo began to play upon his lyre. Not even the gods could make such wonderful music as could Apollo. He was filled with joy, for at last he had found Daphne. He longed for her to awaken. At first soft and tender were the strains of music. Then louder, richer, and more colorful they grew. Soon all the dim, darkening woods seemed filled with the glow of the lover's mood.

The maiden, roused from her slumber by the music, stirred and listened. Half rising,



She gave one frightened look at the youth before her

Then she arose and with flying steps sped away

she gave one frightened look at the youth before her, then with flying steps sped away.

“Daphne! Daphne!” called Apollo, after the fleeing maiden of his dreams. She did not listen, but ran on and on, up hill and down, over rocks, briers, and fallen trees, now jumping, leaping, panting, until into the Vale of Tempe she came.

Almost exhausted, the maiden finally reached her father, the river-god Peneius. She cried in a loud voice to him, “O Father Peneius, save me! save me!”



*Daphne turned, gave one fleeting look
at Apollo kneeling beside her*

*Apollo stood speechless. Daphne had
turned into a laurel tree*

Then just as Apollo reached forward to take his beloved Daphne in his arms, Father Peneius spoke the magic word "Aotaka." The beautiful Daphne turned, gave one fleeting look at Apollo kneeling beside her, then slowly her lovely body stiffened, her outstretched hands became slender branches, her flying locks a fluttering mass of green foliage. Apollo stood speechless. Daphne had turned into a laurel tree. Reverently he bowed to the will of the gods. After a time he plucked a branch from the laurel tree,



*"A wreath from this tree I shall wear
for my crown"*

*"Wreaths and branches of laurel shall
hang in my temple"*

saying, "This tree, Daphne, shall be mine. A wreath from it I shall wear for my crown. Wreaths and branches of laurel I shall hang in my temple. Thy leaf shall know no decay. Eternal youth shall be thy fate as well as mine."

And so the years roll on. Apollo still drives his golden chariot across the azure-blue sky. He makes the grass to grow and the flowers to bloom. Year after year in winter time, the laurel tree, in its dress of green, sends forth its love note, across leaden sky, bare boughs, and whitened earth.

DIANA AND ENDYMION





*Endymion had been fathering his
sheep on the hillside*

*"The good god Pan has smiled upon
me to-day," he said*

All day long Endymion, the shepherd boy of the Carian cave, had been fathering his sheep on the hillside of Latmos. Now as the evening shadows fell across his pathway, a feeling of thankfulness was his. He had counted his sheep and none had gone astray; none had fallen prey to the wild beasts of the forests. "The good god Pan has smiled upon me to-day," he said, gathering up a lagging lambkin and gently pushing it within the fold.

Then with a light heart and joyous steps



*Endymion hastened up the hillside
toward the shepherds' shrine*

*The shepherds were coming from the
hills to their evening devotions*

Endymion hastened up the soft green hillside toward the shepherds' shrine to pay his evening devotions.

As he wended his way up the hill two things quickened his footsteps,—the odor of fragrant bay leaves crackling on the sacred fire, and the carefree laughter of the shepherds who, like him, were coming from the hills to their evening devotions at the shrine of Pan.

As the shepherds neared the altar their laughter ceased. Only the sweet music of



*They knelt before the altar and poured
their wine upon the earth*

*Endymion remembered how Pan
first made his pipes*

Pan's pipes filled the silence. One by one they knelt before the altar and poured their wine upon the earth. As he lay dreaming of Pan and his music Endymion remembered how the god first made his pipes. In sport Pan had chased a water nymph, but when he overtook her on the river bank her friends changed her into a tuft of reeds. Pan sighed, and the air sounding through the reeds made sweet music. Then Pan bound some of the reeds together, and ever after carried them to play upon.



*Endymion joined in the sacred
chant around the shrine*

*"The flower always reminds me of
how it received its name"*

When he had made his devotions Endymion joined in the sacred chant around the shrine. After a time the shepherds gathered in groups on the green and talked over the happenings of the day. Some played quoits, some told stories. One held a hyacinth in his hand.

"A hyacinth! Ah, how fragrant it is!" exclaimed Endymion. "The flower always reminds me of how it received its name."

"Tell us the story," cried the shepherds. So, carelessly resting on the grass under the light of the stars, Endymion told his story.



*"May I play with thee? I am
tired of riding alone."*

*Apollo threw a disk, and lo, it rebounded
and hit Hyacinthus*

"One day when Apollo was driving his golden chariot across the sky he grew weary. Suddenly he saw his friend, Hyacinthus, on a hillside, and turned his chariot in that direction. 'May I play with thee? I am tired riding alone,' he said, joining Hyacinthus.

"'Let's have a game of quoits,' answered Hyacinthus. Back and forth they leaped, now bending, now rising, now throwing, all in perfect unison. Finally, with all his strength, Apollo threw a disk, and lo, it rebounded and hit Hyacinthus on the forehead.



*With a cry of agony Hyacinthus
fell to the ground.*

*Tenderly Apollo lifted the lifeless body
of Hyacinthus in his arms*

“With a cry of agony Hyacinthus fell to the ground, the blood oozing from the wound. Pale with fright, Apollo ran and tenderly lifted the lifeless body of Hyacinthus in his arms. The lovely head drooped to one side like a flower on a broken stem.

“Tears filled Apollo’s eyes, for Hyacinthus was dead. Sorrowfully he laid the body of his friend on the grass. He had loved Hyacinthus better than anyone else in the world. And now he had struck his playmate with the heavy iron ring. How could the gods



*He sobbed, "Forgive me, forgive me,
Hyacinthus"*

*The blood-reddened grass blossomed
into beautiful flowers*

have permitted it? As he knelt beside his friend he sobbed, 'Forgive me, forgive me, Hyacinthus.'

"Then a wonderful thing happened—the blood-reddened grass blossomed into beautiful flowers, fragrant like the lily but deep violet instead of silvery white. 'The gods be praised, Hyacinthus has forgiven me. He lives again in these flowers,' murmured Apollo. Then he stooped and picked one of the blossoms. Rising, and holding it over the body of his friend, he reverently christened it, saying,



*"In memory of thee this flower shall
be called hyacinth"*

*Then Apollo turned and signaled
for his chariot*

'In memory of thee, Hyacinthus, this flower shall be called hyacinth.'

"Then Apollo turned, signaled for his chariot, and sadly went on his way.

"Some say that to this day on each petal you may see the word 'Hya,' written in Greek letters; others say it is not 'Hya,' but 'Aiai,' which means 'alas.'"

"'Tis a sad but beautiful tale, Endymion. But the night wanes. The moon will soon be on guard. Let us have a little music to lull us to sleep and dreams of Apollo and



*So, the story ended, to the sweet music of
Pan's pipes they closed their eyes*

*Suddenly the fair Diana appeared
from beyond the dark forest*

his friend Hyacinthus," said one of the shepherds. So, the story ended, to the sweet music of Pan's pipes one by one they closed their eyes. Soon all were peacefully sleeping on the hillside.

Suddenly the fair Diana appeared from beyond the dark forest. Swiftly and lightly she tripped toward the sleeping shepherds. Then silently she stopped before the charming upturned face of Endymion.

"'Tis Endymion, the beautiful shepherd boy of the Carian cave," whispered the lovely



*Tenderly she bent over Endymion
and kissed his forehead*

*When she raised her head a startled
look came into her face*

Diana. "Thou shalt be mine." Tenderly she bent over Endymion and kissed his forehead.

When she raised her head a startled look came into her face, for the stars were gone and a wonderful glow of color—purple, rose, and gold—met her eyes. She looked, and there, tiptoe, stood Dawn. Quickly and noiselessly Diana, paling, disappeared into the dark forest. Dawn, blushing rosily, stood a moment poised before the upturned face of Endymion. She smiled a bright, happy smile; then she, too, disappeared.



"How lovely she was! I must find her," cried Endymion

Then a faint bleating and the pattering of little feet came from over the hills

Endymion stirred, opened his eyes and murmured, "How strange I feel! I heard music and then a beautiful maiden bent over me. Surely it could not have been a dream. How lovely she was! I must find her," he cried, sitting up. A little morning breeze stirred, rustling the leaves. "Perhaps that is she," thought Endymion, "there just behind the bushes." Then a faint bleating and the pattering of many little feet came from over the slopes of the green-clad hills and called Endymion from his dreams. He listened.



*"My sheep! My sheep!" he cried,
picking up his staff*

*Diana wandered deeper and deeper
into the forest*

"My sheep! My sheep!" he cried, picking up his staff and hastening down the hillside.

Poor Diana wandered deeper and deeper into the forest. From time to time she glanced backward, hoping against hope that she might again see the beautiful youth. Tears came into her eyes, but she hastily brushed them aside, because she was a brave huntress.

Then a great fear slackened Diana's footsteps, for she remembered her promise to Jupiter, who one day had said to her, "Diana,



*"Diana knoweth not fear," she
whispered*

*She approached Jupiter. A frown
darkened his face*

thou shalt not gaze with longing eyes on any youth." Many years had passed since she gave her promise, and now she had broken it. She wept. After a time she grew quieter, for she remembered that she was a goddess. "Diana knoweth not fear," she whispered. Then she hastened on her way to the palace of the gods. She reached the palace, entered, and approached Jupiter. A frown darkened his face and his great voice thundered through the palace. "Thy vow thou hast broken." Diana shrank back in terror as Jupiter went



*"Thou must choose for Endymion
death or everlasting sleep"*

*"Endymion is so young, so beautiful.
Have pity on him!"*

on, "Thou must choose for Endymion one of two things—death or everlasting sleep."

Diana fell upon her knees and imploringly cried, "Endymion is so young, so beautiful. Have pity on him, O Jupiter, and let him sleep in the Carian cave."

"Thy prayer, O goddess, is granted. Forever young shall Endymion be, and everlasting sleep shall be his portion."

"Thy will I obey. To-night when the stars shine I shall return to the Carian cave and deliver thy message." With a deep bow



*Diana turned and left the palace
chamber of the gods*

*All day long Endymion guarded
his sheep on the hillside*

Diana turned and left the palace chamber of the gods.

All day long Endymion guarded his sheep on the hillside, but over and over he murmured to himself, "I must find her, the beautiful maiden of my dreams." All day long the sheep kept up a low and plaintive bleating. It was as if they said, "What ails thee, Endymion? What ails thee?" But Endymion did not hear them; he listened only to the voices of his dreams. As he lay on the soft grass, half drowsing in the sun,



Diana, the goddess of the forest, seemed beside him, speaking to him

At evening one tiny lambkin was missing from the little flock

again and again Diana, the goddess of the forest, seemed beside him, speaking to him.

But at evening time, when the shepherd roused from his dreams and gathered his sheep into the fold, one tiny lambkin was missing from the little flock.

“Gone! My little Pink Nose has gone astray! How could I have missed it! Oh, had I not been dreaming, this could not have happened! I must to the mountain and find my lost lambkin.”

So, not to the shrine, but to the deep



Endymion thought he heard a faint bleating. He listened

A faint bleating came from within. "My lambkin!" cried Endymion

ravine, went Endymion, calling and listening, listening and calling. He thought he heard a faint bleating. He listened.

"The cave of the Carian," he cried, and hastened thither. Over sunlit hills and dewy meadows, down rocky cliffs, and through dark forests ran Endymion until at last he reached the Carian cave. A faint bleating came from within. "My lambkin! My little Pink Nose!" cried Endymion, in great thankfulness, entering the cave. Quickly he gathered the little lost one in his arms and turned to go.



*A great light shone about him and
a voice cried, "Endymion!"*

*He looked. There stood Diana, the
beautiful maiden of his dreams*

At the entrance a great light shone about him and a voice cried, "Endymion!" He looked, and there stood Diana, the beautiful maiden of his dreams. Then a deep sleep fell upon him. Jupiter had spoken.

So day and night Endymion sleeps and dreams in the cool depths of the Carian cave. And his dreams are full of love and beauty. Sometimes in his dreams he sees his sheep gamboling on the green slopes of Latmos. Sometimes he sees field after field of golden grain waving in rhythmic lines. Sometimes



*Through all his dreams he feels the
ever-watchful love of Diana*

*All through the night she lingers
beside him*

gardens filled with rare and lovely flowers—violets, orchids, pansies, lilies—dance before him. Sometimes trees fragrant with blossoms or laden with fruit delight him.

But through all his dreams he feels the ever-watchful love of Diana, who night after night descends to earth to guard him. With her coming the cave is filled with silvery light. Gently she stoops, and tenderly kisses his cold forehead. Sometimes she brings a wreath of poppies to bind around his hair. All through the night she lingers beside him,



*In his dreams he seems to know she
is near, and to talk with her*

*While he sleeps and dreams, Diana
watches over his flock*

and in his dreams he seems to know she is near, and to talk with her. Sometimes he hears a soft bleating and he thinks of his sheep. At once he begins to weave a green carpet for them to feed upon.

So in his never-ending slumber the shepherd boy of the Carian cave weaves his dreams into beautiful patterns. But while he sleeps and dreams, Diana watches over his flock. Never a sheep strays from the fold. Never a wolf glides from the forest to steal a lamb from the flock. Diana is their shepherdess.

CUPID AND PSYCHE



Psyche had found Cupid



*Far across the sea lived Venus,
the goddess of beauty*

*And here, too, lived her mischief-
loving son, Cupid, the god of love*

In a wonderful palace, far across the sea, lived Venus, the goddess of beauty. And here, too, lived her mischief-loving son, Cupid, the god of love. The charm and beauty of Venus made her a great power on Mount Olympus, the home of the gods. Here all bowed before her, for Venus punished those who chanced to displease her. Pleasure or pain gave she at will.

To her palace came men from far and near to worship at her shrine. They brought with them priceless jewels and rare treasures



*Lovely nymphs waited upon Venus
and did her bidding*

*Never before had Venus seen such
beauty as that of Psyche*

which they laid on her altar. Lovely nymphs waited upon Venus and did her bidding. When she rode out to sea she went in a golden chariot drawn by dolphins.

One day the goddess went to visit the palace of a king and queen whose daughters were famous for their beauty. When Psyche, the youngest daughter, entered the room, Venus gazed in astonishment at her loveliness. Never before had Venus seen such beauty as that of Psyche. A feeling of envy and jealousy stirred within her. When Psyche extended her hand



*She turned away from the maiden
angrily*

*Then Venus turned and hastily left
the king's palace*

in greeting, she turned away from the maiden angrily. The king and queen were amazed. Psyche, too frightened to speak, shrank back in fear. A hush fell upon the room. All eyes were on the angry goddess, whose flashing glance swept them with displeasure. Then Venus turned and hastily left the king's palace. Fear fell upon the household.

At once the envious goddess returned to her home by the sea and summoned her son, Cupid. "I shall give her cause to regret her loveliness," cried Venus.



*Venus went into the garden and threw
off her scarf*

*A ray of golden light streaked the grass.
Cupid flew toward her*

Half-blinded by her tears, Venus went into the garden and threw off her scarf. She groped her way to a seat and there waited for her son. Suddenly a ray of golden light streaked the grass. Cupid flew toward her. Seeing his mother in tears, he ran to her and nestled at her feet.

Then Venus told him how Psyche, a mortal, had taken upon herself the rank of a goddess. "Soon I, your mother, goddess of beauty," continued Venus, "shall be forgotten. Psyche and not Venus will receive the love



Cupid knelt at her feet and tried to comfort her

Venus turned away, then bowed her head and wept bitterly

and prayers of the people.” Cupid knelt at her feet and tried to comfort her, but she would not listen to him. She arose and walked restlessly back and forth. “No mortal shall be so beautiful as I,” she cried. Venus turned away, then bowed her head and wept bitterly. Cupid wondered what he could do to help his mother. Suddenly Venus looked up, then went to a table on which lay two amber vials. “The mighty one has spoken,” she said, picking up a vial. “This vial must be filled with a fluid that will destroy Psyche’s



*Cupid, kneeling in the garden,
listened in silence*

*As Venus handed him the vials he
said, "Thy will I obey"*

beauty, and this," picking up the second vial, "must hold a fluid that will cause her to love an unworthy being. The gods have spoken."

Cupid, kneeling in the garden, listened in silence. Then, as Venus handed him the vials, he said, "Thy will, O Mother Venus, I obey."

"'Tis well," replied Venus. "Go thou to the fountains in front of the palace and fill the vials. The water in the fountain on the left of the walk is sweet and brings love and joy to those who taste it. The water of the other is bitter and brings evil in its wake."



*Cupid made his way to the fountains
and filled the vials.*

*Then he picked up his bow and hung
the vials from his quiver*

“And then?” asked Cupid, hesitatingly.

“Fill the vials and seek Psyche. Thou wilt find her asleep in her father’s garden. Remember, one drop of the sweetened water placed on Psyche’s lips will make her love an unworthy being. One drop of the bitter water will destroy her beauty, and then I, Venus, shall reign supreme.” With a glad step Venus returned to her palace.

Cupid made his way to the fountains and filled the two vials. Then he picked up his bow, hung the vials from his quiver, and flew

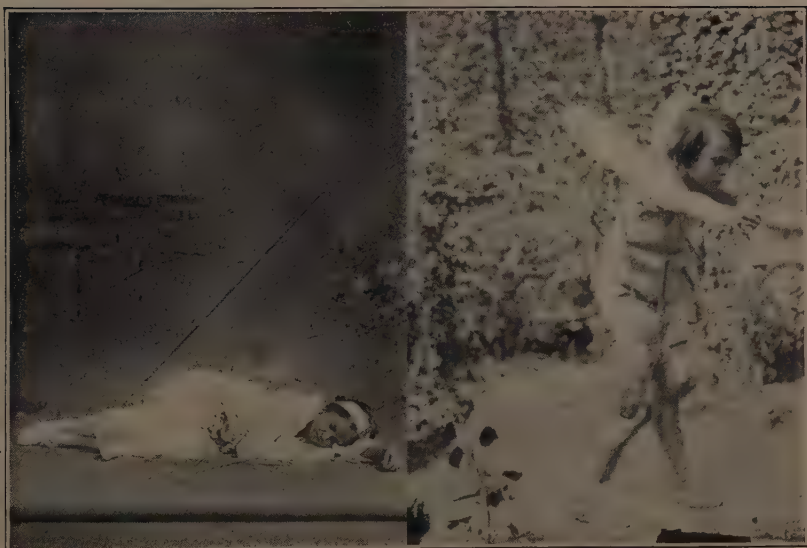


*On and on flew Cupid, for he dared not
disobey the commands of Venus*

*Far away in the king's garden Psyche
wandered to and fro among the flowers*

away on his mission of revenge. He felt unhappy, for although he was mischievous, he knew only love. Yet on and on he flew, for he dared not disobey the commands of Venus. He knew how powerful she was, and that when she was angry she would not spare even her own son if he disobeyed her. There was nothing he could do but carry out her wishes.

Far away in the king's garden Psyche wandered to and fro among the flowers. As she stooped to gather the lovely blossoms a heavy drowsiness came upon her. She thought



Overcome by the heavy fragrance of the flowers Psyche lay down to rest

At last in the glowing sunset Cupid came to the king's garden

at first it was the sweet odor of the lilies, and left the lily bed to gather roses. But the rich perfume of the roses also made her drowsy, and she turned to the violets. Then overcome by the heavy fragrance of the flowers she lay down to rest. Then sleep overtook her. Poor Psyche did not know that away off on Mount Olympus, Venus had decreed she should sleep.

Over hill and vale swift as a bird flew Venus' messenger. At last in the glowing sunset he came to the king's garden, where the lovely Psyche lay asleep among the flowers.



Cupid knelt and placed one drop of the bitter water on Psyche's lips

She stirred, opened her lovely eyes, and looked half wonderingly at Cupid

Cupid knelt and placed one drop of the bitter water on the sleeping Psyche's lips. She stirred, opened her lovely, innocent eyes, and looked half wonderingly at Cupid, then slept again. Cupid, startled by her wondrous beauty, sprang back in surprise. As he did so he not only dropped the contents of the sweet vial upon her, but wounded himself with one of his own love arrows. From this wound the merry-hearted Cupid was to suffer for many a long, weary day. As he gazed upon the wonderful beauty of the sleeping maiden,



*The heart of Cupid was filled with a
great pity. He loved*

*Lovers from far and near came to woo
the king's daughters*

the heart of Cupid was filled with a great pity.
He loved.

Giving one look at the half-awakened Psyche, he picked up his bow, spread his lovely, iridescent wings, and flew away.

The visit of Venus caused uneasiness in the king's palace. All feared her anger. Then, too, Psyche seemed changed. A frightened look deepened the color in her violet eyes. Tears often stood in them.

Lovers from far and near came to woo the king's daughters. First one sister and



*But no one came to woo Psyche, and
she was unhappy*

*Finally they decided to consult the
oracle of Apollo*

then another was sought in marriage and went away. But no one came to woo Psyche, and she was unhappy. As the years passed the maiden grew more and more beautiful and the king and queen began to wonder why their loveliest daughter was not sought. "'Tis not well," said the king. "Let us ask the gods to help us." And finally they decided to consult the oracle of Apollo to learn what they should do.

So to the temple of the god went the king and queen with poor, unhappy Psyche.



*Psyche knelt before the altar, the king
and queen standing at either side*

*She turned and led the sorrowing
procession down the mountain*

There Psyche knelt before the altar, the king and queen standing at either side. Soon a priest in long, flowing robes came from out the inner temple. He raised his hand and in a low voice chanted, "This virgin is destined for the bride of no mortal. An evil monster will claim her on the morrow."

A look of wonder came into Psyche's eyes. Horror held the king and queen speechless. Then Psyche turned and almost joyfully led the sorrowing procession down the mountain.



*Leaving her friends she approached
the altar alone*

*Psyche was completely hidden by a
billowy mass of gold*

The next day Psyche, in her shimmering bridal robes, led the way up the mountain, where the marriage was to take place. Leaving her friends she approached the altar alone.

When the place of sacrifice was reached, a noise, like the rustle of many wings, filled the air. Looking up, the people beheld a golden cloud moving toward them. Nearer and nearer it came until Psyche was completely hidden by a billowy mass of gold.

Psyche, amazed, watched the golden cloud



*Full of grief, the king and queen
returned to the palace*

*When she awakened Psyche found
herself in a strange forest*

float above her. Then a wonder came into her eyes as she questioned, "Where have I seen that face before?" The cloud touched her. Then a voice from within whispered, "Cupid's bride art thou. Psyche, sleep." When the cloud lifted the bride had disappeared. Alone, and full of grief, the king and queen returned to the palace.

When she awakened Psyche found herself in a strange forest. Wandering here and there, she came to a road on each side of which were tall, mysterious-looking cypress



Stooping, she bathed her face in the cool waters of the spring



She saw the shadowy outlines of a castle in the midst of a beautiful garden

trees. "What sad trees," thought Psyche, winding in and out among them. After a time she came to a tiny spring. Stooping, she bathed her face in the cool waters of the spring. Then she passed on. Suddenly an opening appeared, and she gazed with wonder upon the scene before her. Through a purple mist she saw the shadowy outlines of a castle in the midst of a beautiful garden. "How lovely it is," she murmured. She ran up the marble stair and raised her hand to the golden knocker, quaintly carved with



*A book lying near tempted Psyche's
curiosity*

*Peeping in it, she read about Cupid,
the god of love*

garlands of curious shapes. The door opened as if by magic, and a voice bade her welcome.

She looked about. "Surely," she murmured to herself, "this palace was not fashioned by human hands." Looking up she saw that golden pillars upheld the arched roof, and curiously carved wood and ivory adorned the walls. Through one beautiful room after another she wandered, becoming more and more mystified. A book lying near tempted her curiosity. Peeping in it, she read about Cupid, the god of love,



*As she read, a sound of distant music
reached her*

*She dropped the book and rose in
startled wonder*

who sometimes visited earth that he might bring happiness to mankind. As she read, a sound of distant music reached her. Nearer and nearer it came. She dropped the book and rose in startled wonder.

Soon music filled all the room—music so soft and sweet that Psyche was reminded of the love-notes of the robin during the mating season. Suddenly the lights went out and from between soft, clinging draperies, a golden cloud floated gently down and broke at her feet. As Psyche watched amazed, from out



*"I am Cupid, thy husband," he
whispered softly*

*Then darkness folded them in its
purple robes and they slept*

the billowy mass rose Cupid. "I am Cupid, thy husband," he whispered softly. Then darkness folded them in its purple robes and they slept.

When the morning came, Psyche awakened and looked about in a perplexed manner. "I wonder where Cupid has gone," she said. Then she remembered that Cupid had told her he would visit her only at night-time and that she had promised him never to ask to see his face.

In this dream-palace lived Psyche, each



*Psyche began to yearn for the home
of her girlhood*

*She asked permission of Cupid to
visit her parents*

night visited by Cupid. The hours of the night were all too short, but the days spent without her lover grew long and lonely. After a time she grew weary of her golden prison. Then Psyche began to yearn for the home of her girlhood. When her maid brought her beautiful jewels with which to adorn herself, she petulantly cast them aside. Anxious to please her, Cupid had granted Psyche's every wish as soon almost as it was made known. So, one day she asked permission of him to visit her parents.



The king and queen listened to her story with great joy

But her sisters asked, "Who is this who comes only in the night-time?"

Reluctantly Cupid granted her request, for he knew their dream of happiness was ended. Doubt and suspicion were to do their work.

The next day Psyche returned to the valley. When she told her parents of the marvelous things that had come into her life, the king and queen listened to her story with great joy. But her sisters sneeringly asked, "Who is this who comes only in the night-time to visit you?" Proudly Psyche replied, "Come with me to my beautiful palace and I will show you Cupid."



At once they began to fill the innocent mind of Psyche with doubt

They led her to believe that Cupid was a monster who would do her evil

When the sisters beheld the beauties of Psyche's palace, they were filled with envy. As they gazed at the beautiful pictures, not painted by human hands, and at the wondrous books in rich bindings, they could not control their jealousy. At once they began to fill the innocent mind of Psyche with doubt. They led her to believe that Cupid was a monster who would do her evil.

Finally one of the sisters said, "If I were thee, Psyche, I should get a large dagger, steal upon Cupid when he is sleeping, and



The sisters bade Psyche farewell and returned to their homes in the valley

Half in fear and half in curiosity she awaited the coming of Cupid

kill him." A strange look came into Psyche's face. She began to wonder if what they said could be true. Surely Cupid, who had been so kind and had surrounded her with so much beauty, was no monster! Yet, the more the sisters talked the more uneasy Psyche became.

At last the sisters bade Psyche farewell and returned to their homes in the valley, leaving doubt behind them. After a time Psyche retired to her bed-chamber. Half in fear and half in curiosity she awaited the coming of Cupid.



The air was filled with music announcing the approach of Cupid

Cupid tenderly refused her request to look upon his face

Suddenly the lights in the palace went out and the air was filled with music announcing the approach of Cupid. Gently he floated on his golden cloud and alighted at Psyche's feet. "Let me look at thee," pleaded Psyche as she bade him welcome. Cupid tenderly refused her request to look upon his face. Then he told her that true love was founded on trust. "Dost thou not remember," he asked, "that thou promised never to ask to see my face?"

Psyche turned away from Cupid only half satisfied.



*Psyche stealthily made her way to
Cupid, who lay fast asleep*

*Softly she bent over him and a vision
of loveliness met her gaze*

In the night she awakened, her mind filled with doubts. Why should Cupid visit her only during the night-time? Why did he not want her to look upon his face? were some of the questions that troubled her. A great desire to see Cupid seized her. She arose, lighted a lamp, and picked up a dagger. "I may need it," she thought. Then Psyche stealthily made her way to Cupid, who lay fast asleep. Softly she bent over and turned the light upon him—a vision of loveliness met her gaze.



A drop of hot oil fell upon the naked shoulder of the sleeping god

As he awakened, Psyche shrank back, her heart beating loudly

“How beautiful,” she whispered, leaning over the sleeping figure. Here indeed was no such creature as her sisters had suggested. It was Cupid, the god of love, of whom she had read, and more fair than she had ever dreamed. She hung over him in wonder.

Then Cupid stirred. Poor Psyche trembled with fright. She tried to draw back quickly, and to shield the light. But the lamp tipped and a drop of hot oil fell upon the naked shoulder of the sleeping god. As he awakened, Psyche shrank back, her heart beating loudly.



*Cupid sprang up and silently waved
his mystic arrow three times*

*Psyche uttered one piercing cry of
sorrow and fell fainting at his feet*

Cupid's beautiful eyes rested a moment upon the trembling maiden. They were full of sorrow and reproach.

Still gazing at her sorrowfully, Cupid sprang up and silently waved his mystic arrow three times. The golden cloud slowly appeared and, as it surrounded him, floated lightly in the air. Frantic with grief over what she had done, Psyche reached out to hold him, but her fingers slipped through thin air. She uttered one piercing cry of sorrow and fell fainting at his feet.



When Psyche awakened, Cupid and the beautiful palace had disappeared

Out into the cruel world wandered Psyche, seeking in vain for Cupid

When Psyche awakened, Cupid and the beautiful palace had disappeared.

Alone through the woods and out into the cruel world wandered Psyche, seeking in vain for Cupid. On and on she fled, stopping now and then at the shrine of some goddess to pray. Finally she came to a field of corn. Instantly she set herself to harvesting.

While she was bending over her task, Ceres found her. Immediately Psyche knelt to the goddess and implored her assistance. Ceres shook her head. She dare not displease Venus.



*Impulsively Psyche knelt and told
her story to the goddess*

*So Venus brought to Psyche a
golden dish*

After days of wandering Psyche saw a palace and hastened toward it. At the door she knocked, and was bade to enter. A page guided her to a room all silver and blue. He pulled aside a heavy curtain, behind which stood Venus. Impulsively Psyche knelt and told her story to the goddess. "Wilt thou help me find Cupid?" she asked.

"So thou asketh a favor of me?" scornfully questioned Venus. "Then I shall treat thee as a dutiful daughter," she sneered.

So Venus brought to Psyche a golden dish



"My pigeons are hungry. Assort this grain in separate piles"

With haughty look Venus departed, leaving poor Psyche in tears

containing barley, millet, and corn, and placed it before her, saying, "My pigeons are hungry. Assort this grain in separate piles. The task must be completed by sunrise tomorrow, with each kind of grain in its own proper pile. Flat-tail eats barley, White-wings millet, and dear little Pink-toes cares only for corn." Then with haughty look Venus departed, leaving poor Psyche in tears.

As one tear after another rolled down her cheeks, she thought, "How can I ever separate the grain! How can I do this task!"



*Then her face brightened, for she heard
her name called*

*She lay down to rest and a strange
sleep fell upon her*

Then her face brightened, for she heard her name called. She listened. "Despair not, dear one," a voice said. "I, Cupid, will send someone to help thee." She looked about. She could see no one, but with the thought that Cupid was near her she was no longer hopeless. Then, being very weary, she lay down to rest and a strange sleep fell upon her.

Soon a tiny black ant appeared in the dish and began to assort the grain, making three separate piles. Another and another came until hundreds of them were at work. Back



When Psyche awakened she gazed in wonder at the piles of grain

Venus, when she returned and saw the task was completed, frowned angrily

and forth over the edge of the golden bowl they traveled, dragging their heavy burdens. When Psyche awakened she gazed in wonder at the piles of grain. But Venus, when she returned and saw the task was completed, frowned angrily. Then, fondling her pigeons, she said, "Go thou and fill my water-urn. It must be filled before the next meeting of the gods and goddesses." Handing the urn to Psyche, she continued, "In a deep cavern at the utmost peak of yonder mountain rises the river which waters the Stygian fields.



"Bring me a draught from the innermost sources of the Stygian stream"

Psyche took the urn and started on her way to the mountain

Bring me, in this urn, a draught from the innermost sources of the Stygian stream. See that thou returnest in time." Psyche took the urn and started on her way to the mountain, hoping that in some way her life would be ended there. "Oh, if I had only listened to Cupid," she moaned as she wandered through deep, dark forests and down steep, slippery mountain gorges. Wild animals beset her pathway, serpents and slimy things frightened her. Dark perils threatened her.

This task seemed more hopeless than the



A beautiful bird came flying toward her. It alighted on her shoulder

Finally it flew away, singing as it went, "Follow me"

other, and at last Psyche seemed too weary to struggle longer. Just then a beautiful bird came flying toward her.

It alighted on her shoulder, then circled in front of her, and finally it flew away, singing as it went, "Follow me." Psyche hastened to obey. The bird's bright plumage guided her to the source of the river. There, on a tiny limb that hung over the spring that fed the river, sat the beautiful bird. It took the urn, filled it, and handed it back to Psyche, who joyfully hastened with it to Venus. The



*She was guided by a gentle voice that
whispered words of comfort and cheer*

*Safely Psyche went on her errand and
received the box from Proserpina*

goddess received the urn and said, "Now thou may'st fill my beauty-box." Psyche's heart was heavy within her, for she knew that Venus was still angry. Then Venus commanded her to go to Pluto's palace to find Proserpina and obtain from her a powder that effaces every mark of care and suffering. So Psyche took the beauty-box and departed on her mission. On her way she was guided by a gentle voice that whispered words of comfort, cheer, and wisdom. Safely Psyche went on her errand, and received the box from Proserpina, who



Curiosity overcame her, so she lifted the cover of the box and peeped in

The Spirit of Sleep fell upon Psyche, completely overpowering her

warned her not to open it. But when the journey was almost ended, curiosity overcame her. After so many tears and sleepless nights Psyche thought it might be wise to use some of the magic powder. So she lifted the cover of the box and peeped in. The box contained only the Spirit of Sleep, who at once fell upon Psyche, completely overpowering her.

Cupid, ever watching over Psyche, saw her lying in the forest in heavy slumber, and became frightened at her helplessness. Leaving his mother's palace, he flew to her rescue.



*Quickly falling upon the spirit, Cupid
forced him back into the box*

*Then clasping Psyche in his arms,
off he flew to Mount Olympus*

Quickly falling upon the spirit he forced him back into the box and shut him in. Then clasping Psyche in his arms, off he flew to Mount Olympus.

There, kneeling before Jupiter, the father of the gods, Cupid told his story and begged the god to give him Psyche. Jupiter was touched with pity. Venus, too, was softened. All envy had left her. Silence reigned in the council-chamber of the gods. All awaited the decision of the mighty one. Jupiter arose, and bade Cupid and Psyche approach.



Cupid knelt before Jupiter and thanked him for his mercy

The gods be praised. Psyche had found Cupid

They knelt before him, while he spake the mystic words that made them one before the gods. When they arose, Venus, with a smile of love, joyfully handed Psyche the amber cup containing the drink of the gods. Psyche took it, drank, and became an immortal.

Then Cupid knelt before Jupiter and thanked him for his mercy.

Jupiter smiled on them and there was great rejoicing on Olympus.

The gods be praised. Psyche had found Cupid.

APOLLO, THE CHILD OF LIGHT
(DRAMATIZATION)

APOLLO, THE CHILD OF LIGHT

CAST OF CHARACTERS

JUPITER, father of the gods

LETO, wife of Jupiter

APOLLO }
DIANA } children of Leto and Jupiter

NEPTUNE, God of the Sea

DAPHNE, a nymph of the Vale of Tempe

CUPID, God of Love

PEASANT, a dweller in the woods

VOICE, the Spirit of Good

ACT I

A WANDERER FROM MOUNT OLYMPUS

SCENE I¹

AT A PEASANT'S COTTAGE

(When the curtain rises Leto, the wandering wife of Jupiter, is knocking at the door of a peasant's cottage. The peasant opens the door, and instantly recognizes the goddess.)

LETO. I am Leto, Jupiter's wife. Wilt thou give me food and shelter, kind sir? I am weary from long travel.

¹If practicable, make on the blackboard a sketch of a Grecian rural scene, including several houses, one with a bright light shining from a small window.

PEASANT. Nay, nay, fair one; I dare not. Juno, Queen of the Heavens, has closed the palace doors upon thee. She has decreed that no one shall give thee shelter and food. I cannot, I dare not, offend the goddess of the hearth. (*Shuts the door and Leto staggers away.*)

SCENE II¹

ON THE SEASHORE

(*Leto appears and, weary unto death, sits down on the sand. She buries her head in her hands. After a time she looks about her.*)

LETO. Two long, weary days have I wandered. No food, no bed have I found. Why do the gods punish me? I have done no harm. I only loved Jupiter. (*Kneels.*) I pray the gods may have mercy upon me!

(*Leto rises, but falls, overcome by faintness. Neptune, approaching from the back of the stage, sees the woman lying on the shore. He goes to her, and kneeling, bends over her. Leto awakens and looks wildly about her.*)

LETO. Who art thou? Where am I? (*Rubs her eyes.*)

NEPTUNE. Fear not, fair goddess. I was sent to help thee.

¹The picture on the blackboard should be replaced by a sketch of the sea. Some rocks and a sandy beach should be shown. If the sketches of the various scenes in the play are drawn on paper they can easily be tacked on the board.

LETO. Oh, no, that cannot be. No one helps me, lest Juno curse him.

NEPTUNE. Juno can do thee no harm while I am near. Tell me thy story.

LETO. One day when walking in my garden I saw a golden cloud floating toward me. It gently dropped at my feet, and out stepped Jupiter. He told me that he had long been watching over me, and now he had come to claim me for his bride. He tenderly wrapped his golden cloud about me. Then we floated away to the palace of the gods.

NEPTUNE. Didst thou wish to go?

LETO. Oh, yes! I had dreamed for such a long time of the beauties of the palace of the gods. I was happy there, but Juno was unkind. She bided her time, then, one night when Jupiter was called to earth on an errand of mercy, she came to the palace. She drove me from my room, and out into the dark night, and—(*Leto buries her face in her hands.*)

NEPTUNE. Grieve not, fair one; I understand. I want to make thee happy. I will take thee to my island home of Delos, and there thou shalt find rest and peace. Wilt thou go?

(*Leto places her hand in Neptune's, and both walk off the stage.*)

ACT II

THE LORD OF THE SILVER BOW

SCENE I

A VISIT FROM JUPITER¹

(Leto and her two children, Diana and Apollo, are in the garden of their island home. Leto is sewing, and the children are wandering aimlessly around.)

DIANA. Tell me something to do, mother.

LETO. Why dost thou not play ball? Down in the great cave by the sea would be a fine place.

(Both children clap their hands, and run away. After a time Leto sees a golden cloud² moving in the direction of the garden.)

LETO. What a strange cloud! It is golden! It must be Jupiter! Ah, it comes toward me! It is Jupiter! The gods protect me! *(Leto shows great fright.)*

JUPITER. It is I, Jupiter. Be not afraid. *(Jupiter's bright smile reassures Leto.)* Send for the children.

LETO. *(Summons a page.)* Bring Diana and Apollo. Jupiter wishes to see them.

¹ Have the stage filled with growing plants arranged to represent a garden.

² The cloud can be represented by draping Jupiter in yellow tarletan or some other thin material. Flowers can be so arranged as to hide a sloping walk down which Jupiter floats until he alights almost at Leto's feet.

JUPITER. Many years have I watched over thee and thy children, and now the time has come when Apollo must take upon himself the duties of a god.

LETO. Here come the children. (*The page enters with Diana and Apollo.*)

(*Diana and Apollo approach. Diana, half frightened at seeing a stranger, runs toward her mother. From behind a clump of flowers at his feet Jupiter picks up a lyre and a silver bow.*)

APOLLO. I salute thee, Jupiter. (*Kneels.*)

JUPITER. Arise, Apollo. Henceforth thou shalt be known as the Lord of the Silver Bow. (*Apollo arises, and Jupiter hands him the silver bow.*) With this bow thou shalt destroy the evil monsters that lie in wait for their prey in the mountains and in the woods; the music of this lyre (*handing Apollo the lyre*) shall bring happiness to both man and beast. The gods will speak to thee in these strings. Thou shalt bless mankind.

(*As Jupiter turns toward Leto, Apollo, gazing at his gifts in wonder, goes to the end of the stage and begins to play softly.*¹ *Diana follows him.*)

JUPITER. My mission is ended. Farewell, Leto. When thou need'st me I will come to thee.

¹Use talking machine.

(Jupiter stoops, and picking up his drapery, seems to float up the incline. Leto bursts into tears. The children rush to her side, awed by the mystery.)

APOLLO. Where has he gone?

LETO. To the palace of the gods.

APOLLO. Will he come again?

LETO. Yes, dear. Play for us. *(Apollo begins to play. Curtain falls.)*

SCENE II

THE CALL OF THE GODS

(Diana is roaming in the woods. Apollo is behind her.)

DIANA. Oh, a bird! It is hurt. I must find Apollo. He will make it well. Poor little bird! *(Carries the bird to Apollo, who has just come on the stage.)* Oh, Apollo, this poor little bird is hurt. Please make it well.

(Leto has entered behind Apollo. She moves to one side and sits upon a mossy bank. Apollo touches the wounded bird gently, then picks up his lyre and sounds the cuckoo note. The bird moves, cocks its head on one side, and bursts into a wealth of liquid music. Both children dance for joy. They stop suddenly, for the wounded bird, still singing, soars away to the woods.)

DIANA. Look, Apollo, the bird! It is flying away! *(A look of joy brightens Apollo's face; tears come to Diana's eyes. Diana runs to her mother, who*

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cuddles her in her arms. Apollo picks up his lyre and again plays.) Mother, see, Apollo has made the dear little bird well, but now it has flown away!

LETO. Art thou not glad to have the little bird well? It would not be happy here, because its home is in the wild woods. *(Strokes the little one's hair.)* Wilt thou do something for me?

DIANA. Oh, yes, mother.

LETO. Bring me some flowers from the woods. Violets would be nice. *(Diana runs off. Leto calls Apollo to her.)*

LETO. My son! *(Apollo kneels.)* The gods have blessed me. Thou hast the healing power. 'Tis time for thee to go out into the world and give joy to mankind; it is the will of the gods. *(Leans tenderly over him.)* May the blessing of the gods fall upon thee, my son.

(Apollo arises, picks up his silver bow, and starts toward the mountains.)

APOLLO. I obey the call of the gods. I must away to the mountains. Farewell.

(Leto watches him until he disappears, then bows her head and weeps. Diana returns, and hands her mother a bunch of violets.)

DIANA. See, mother, I have gathered all these.

LETO. 'Tis a bit of blue sky thou givest me, dear. (*Kisses her. Starts.*) A voice called me. 'Tis Jupiter! (*Sinks to the floor. Diana kneels beside her.*)

THE VOICE. Go thou, Diana, to the forest. (*Diana picks up her bow and arrow and sadly departs. Leto dies.*)

ACT III

THE MISSION OF APOLLO

SCENE I

THE DEATH OF THE PYTHON

(*Apollo is walking through a forest*)

APOLLO. How dark the woods are over there! Not a ray of light can penetrate that thick undergrowth. List! I hear a noise.

(*A peasant appears.*)

PEASANT. Whither goest thou, my lad?

APOLLO. To the wooded mountain over there.

PEASANT. Nay, nay, my lad. Knowest thou not that the Python lives there?

APOLLO. My silver bow is mightier than any Python. (*Swings the bow in the air.*)

PEASANT. See, the mountain is a desolate waste. Man cannot live there. I pray thee, listen. Dost thou not hear the moaning of the lost souls?

APOLLO. It is the rustle of the leaves thou hearest.

PEASANT. Woe! Woe! (*Throws his drapery over his face and hastens in an opposite direction from that in which Apollo is going.*)

(*Apollo goes on a few steps to the edge of the stage, peers out into the distance. Sees the Python.*)

APOLLO. (*Whispers.*) What's that? Two green eyes! 'Tis the Python. The gods have mercy upon me! (*He quickly draws his bow and arrow, shoots, and rushes off the stage. Returns.*) It's dead! The Python is dead! The gods be praised! (*Throws himself on the grass.*) No more will death stalk over the mountain. How strange it all seems! After I pushed the Python down the mountain side, I looked at the place where he had been resting and there I found a tiny spring. All black and brackish was the water, so I cut the underbrush away. When I looked again, the water was all golden. I heard a voice. It seemed to say, "Abide thou here, Apollo." And yet I saw nothing. I wonder— (*Stands, and looks*

about him.) In the valley are only a few tiny houses, above are the tall, mysterious-looking cypress trees, and beyond is the sea. No blue smoke curls from the chimneys, no fruitful vineyards grow on the sides of the mountain, no shepherd guarding his flock is seen on the green hills, no sound of the woodchopper's ax is heard in the forest. The Python has done his evil work. But he is dead, the gods be praised! (*Takes up his lyre and begins to play.*) I should like to build a palace here, a shrine to the gods. (*As he plays and dreams, sleep overpowers him.*)

A VOICE. There shall be no more sickness on the mountain, or in the valley. There shall be no more sorrow or suffering. Joy shall be in this valley. Peace and plenty shall reign throughout the land. On the spot where the Python found a resting place thou shalt build thy palace. Men from far and near shall come to worship at thy shrine. Ere long a city will rise at the foot of the mountain, and Delphi shall be its name.

(*Apollo awakens and looks about him.*)

APOLLO. Here I shall build my shrine. (*Kneels.*) The gods have spoken.

ACT IV

APOLLO AND DAPHNE

SCENE I

CUPID'S ARROWS

(Apollo sits in front of the Temple of Apollo, playing on his lyre.)

APOLLO *(chants)*. A beautiful maiden, Daphne,
calls me.

In mountain glades, in sunny
fields, in rocky dells,
She dwells.

Daphne! Daphne!

To the woods! I must away! I must
find her! Daphne! Daphne!

CUPID. Oho! Where goest thou, Lord of
the Silver Bow?

APOLLO. To the woods, Cupid, to find the
beautiful nymph called Daphne. Wilt thou
go with me?

CUPID. *(Aside.)* Oho! *(Aloud.)* Who's Daphne?

APOLLO. Daphne is the nymph of the Vale
of Tempe. Her father, the river god Peneius,
guards her so carefully that few people ever
see her. She is easily frightened, and very
shy. *(He notices Cupid's arrows.)* What queer
arrows! Let me see them.

CUPID. (*Hands the arrows to Apollo.*) Beware of the arrow with the leaden shaft. It is my mischief-making arrow, and repels love; but this one with the golden shaft is my peace-maker, and awakens love. Sometimes I shoot both arrows at lovers. Then what fun I have! (*Cupid laughs.*)

APOLLO. My arrows are of silver, and brighter than yours. With this sharp-pointed one I killed the deadly Python. Fear and famine no longer stalk over the land, since I rid the wooded mountain of its terror. I am Lord of the Silver Bow, and my bow never misses its aim. But look! Listen! There, behind the tree! It is Daphne! Yes, it is the beautiful maiden of the Vale of Tempe. I must away. (*Runs toward the woods. Daphne, startled, flees.*)

CUPID. So Apollo is "Lord of the Silver Bow." He seems to think no one can shoot so well as he. We'll see. (*Laughs merrily, and lets fly the lead-tipped shaft in the direction of Daphne.*) A leaden shaft for Daphne, and a golden one for Apollo. (*Shoots the golden shaft at Apollo.*) Now I wonder how the Lord of the Silver Bow will like those! (*Shrugs his shoulders amusedly and hastens away.*)

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SCENE II

THE LAUREL TREE

(Apollo, weary from running, is resting on the grass in the woods. Daphne is asleep behind a bank of flowers.)

APOLLO. Night approaches.

(Apollo rises and walks toward the flowers. He starts in surprise, for he sees the sleeping Daphne. As he picks up his lyre and begins to play, Daphne stirs, and listens.)

DAPHNE. Music! How beautiful! *(Rises, and seeing Apollo, flees.)*

APOLLO. *(Following Daphne.)* Daphne! Daphne!

DAPHNE. Oh, Father Peneius, save me! Save me! *(Disappears among the bushes.)*

VOICE *(of Father Peneius behind scenes.)* Thy prayer, my daughter, is granted. A laurel tree thou shalt be. *(Apollo stands speechless, with outstretched hands. Then he parts the branches and discloses a laurel tree. He plucks some branches from the tree and weaves them into a crown.)*

APOLLO. Thou art not gone from me, Daphne, for the gods have given me this lovely tree, the laurel. A branch from this tree I shall wear for my crown, and in memory of thee I shall bless this tree.

Thy leaf, O laurel tree, shall know no decay. Eternal youth shall be thy fate as well as mine.

TABLE OF DIACRITICAL MARKINGS

ā	as in <i>āle</i>	ǒ	as in <i>cǒnnect</i>
â	as in <i>senâte</i>	ô	as in <i>sôft</i>
â	as in <i>câre</i>	ōō	as in <i>fōod</i>
ă	as in <i>ăm</i>	ōō	as in <i>fōot</i>
ǎ	as in <i>finăl</i>	ou	as in <i>thou</i>
ǎ	as in <i>ărm</i>	th	as in <i>this</i>
â	as in <i>âsk</i>	ū	as in <i>pūre</i>
â	as in <i>sofâ</i>	û	as in <i>ûnite</i>
ē	as in <i>ēve</i>	û	as in <i>ûrn</i>
ê	as in <i>crêate</i>	ű	as in <i>stűdy</i>
ě	as in <i>ěnd</i>	ű	as in <i>circűs</i>
ě	as in <i>nověl</i>	ŋ (like <i>ng</i>):	for <i>n</i> before the
ē	as in <i>cinděr</i>		sound <i>k</i> or hard <i>g</i> as in
ī	as in <i>īce</i>		<i>baŋk</i>
ī	as in <i>īll</i>	N indicates the nasal tone,	as
ō	as in <i>ōld</i>		in French, of the preceding
ö	as in <i>öbey</i>		vowel
ô	as in <i>lôrd</i>	tű for <i>tu</i> as in	<i>natűre</i>
ö	as in <i>ödd</i>	' for voice glide as in	<i>par'd'n</i>

A PRONOUNCING AND DEFINING VOCABULARY

[In this vocabulary the definitions cover only those meanings which apply in the stories in which the words appear. The diacritical marks used to indicate pronunciation agree with the latest edition of Webster's New International Dictionary.]

A

abode (á bōd'). The place where one lives.

Aetna (ět'ná). The chief mountain in Sicily and the highest volcano in Europe.

amber (ám'bēr). A yellow mineral found on many sea shores.

ambrosia (ám brō'zhí á). The food of the gods which made immortal the person who ate of it.

Apollo (á pōl'ō). The god of manly beauty, poetry, and music.

azure (ážh'úr). The clear blue of the sky.

B

barley (bār'lf). A grain.

bay (bā). The laurel tree.

bide (bīd). To wait for.

C

Carian (kā'rē án). Belonging to a district in Asia Minor.

Ceres (sē'rēz). The goddess of grains and fruits.

christen (krīs'n). To give a name to.

conch-shell (kōŋk). A large shell from the ocean, often used as a horn.

council (koun'sil). A gathering of people to decide about something.

cuckoo (kōōk'ōō). A European bird whose name is an imitation of its whistle.

Cupid (kū'pīd). The god of love, son of Venus.

curse (kûrs). To bring great evil upon.

cypress (sī'prēs). A tree with dark green foliage.

D

Daphne (ďáf'nē). The daughter of the river-god Peneius, beloved by Apollo.

Dawn (dôn). The goddess of morning.

decree (dě krē'). To order.

Delos (dě'lōs). An island near Greece.

Delphi (děl'fī). A town in ancient Greece, seat of the oracle of Apollo.

Demeter (dě mě'tēr). The same as Ceres, the goddess of grains and fruits.

devotions (dě vō'shŋns). A kind of prayer or worship.

Diana (di án'á). The goddess of the moon and the hunt, twin sister of Apollo.

disk (ďisk). A round plate of iron used in the game of quoits.

dolphin (döl'fín). A fish about seven feet long found in the Mediterranean Sea and the Atlantic Ocean.

dominion (dò mǐn'yǎn). The country over which some one rules.

draught (dráft). A drink of water.

E

efface (ě fās'). To blot out.

Endymion (ěn đim'ĩ ốn). A beautiful youth, a shepherd to whom Jupiter granted eternal youth through eternal sleep.

eternal (ě tār'nǎl). Everlasting.

F

fashion (fǎsh'ǎn). To make.

G

gambol (gǎm'bǎl). To frisk, skip, or leap in play.

grope (grōp). To feel one's way.

H

hearth (hārth). The floor of the fireplace.

hue (hū). Color.

Hyacinthus (hĩ'á sǐn'thǎs). A beautiful youth beloved by Apollo, and accidentally killed by the god.

I

immortal (ĩ mōr'tǎl). Not subject to death.

implore (ĩm plōr'). To beg for.

impulsively (ĩm pũl'sív lĩ). Without thinking.

iridescent (ĩr'ĩ dēs'ěnt). Having changing colors like the rainbow.

J

Juno (jōō'nō). The queen of heaven and wife of Jupiter.

Jupiter (jōō pĩ tēr). The chief of the gods on Mount Olympus.

L

Latmos (lǎt'mǎs). A mountain in Caria, Asia Minor.

laurel (lǎ'rěl). An evergreen tree with narrow pointed leaves.

Leto (lě'tō). The mother of Apollo and Diana.

liquid (lĩk'wĩd). Sounding smoothly, without harsh tones.

lure (lūr). To attract by means of something pleasant.

lyre (lĩr). A stringed instrument somewhat like a harp.

M

Mediterranean Sea (měd'ĩ tẽ rá'ně ǎn). An inland sea inclosed by Europe, Asia, and Africa.

Mercury (múr'kũ rĩ). The messenger of the gods.

millet (mĩl'ět). A grain.

mission (mĩsh'ǎn). An errand.

moldering (mól'dēr ĭng). Turning to dust.

mortal (môr'tǎl). A human being.

mystic (mĩs'tĩk). Not able to be understood.

mystify (mĩs'tĩ fĩ). To puzzle.

N

Neptune (něp'tũn). The god of the sea.

nymphs (nĩmfs). Beautiful maidens who dwelt in the waters of mountains, forests, and meadows.

O

Olympus, Mount (õ lĩm'pũs). The mountain home of the Greek gods.

oracle (õr'á k'ĩl). The priest who gives to mortals the messages of the gods.

orchid (õr'kĩd). A beautiful flower.

P

Pan (pǎn). God of the flocks and pastures who had the legs, ears, and horns of a goat.

Parnassus, Mount (pār nǎs'ũs). A mountain in Greece sacred to Apollo.

peasant (pěz'ǎnt). A countryman.

peer (pēr). To peep out.

Peneius (pě nē'ũs). Daphne's father.

penetrate (pěn'ě trāt). To pass through.

petulant (pětũ lǎnt). Cross, fretful.

plaintive (plǎn'tĩv). Complaining.

plumage (plõm'áj). The feathers or entire clothing of a bird.

Pluto (Plõõ'tõ). The god of the underworld.

poised (poĩzd). The condition of being balanced or motionless in the air without support.

pomegranate (põm grǎn'át). A fruit about the size of an orange, full of tiny red seeds having an acid flavor.

prey (prǎ). An animal seized by another to be eaten.

Proserpina (prõ sũr'pĩ nǎ). The daughter of Demeter (Ceres) and wife of Pluto.

Psyche (sĩ'kě). A lovely maiden, the wife of Cupid.

Python (pĩ'thõn). A serpent slain by Apollo.

Q

quiver (kwív'ěr). A case for carrying arrows.

quoits (kwoits). A game played with disks of iron which are thrown from one peg set in the ground to another.

R

realms (rěłms). Kingdoms.

reign (rān). To rule.

revenge (rě věnj'). To punish some one in return for a wrong.

rhythmic (rýth'míc). Moving with regular motions.

S

sacrifice (săk'ří fis). An offering to a god.

shaft (sháft). The slender, smooth stem of an arrow.

shrine (shrín). An object or place sacred to some holy or historic personage.

Sicily (sís'í lĭ). The largest island in the Mediterranean Sea, just below Italy.

slacken (slăk'n). To make slow.

soar (sör). To fly aloft.

steal (stēl). To approach without being seen.

Stygian (stĭj'ĭ ăn). Belonging to the river Styx in the underworld.

U

unison (ūn'ĭ sŭn). Things done in harmony or exactly alike as to time and action.

unworthy (ŭn wŭr'thĭ). Not deserving.

urn (ŭrn). A vase.

utmost (ŭt'mōst). Highest.

V

Vale of Tempe (tēm'pě). A deep valley between two mountains in Greece.

vengeance (vēn'jăns). Punishment inflicted in return for an injury.

Venus (vē'nŭs). Goddess of beauty.

vial (vĭ'ăl). A small bottle.

virgin (vŭr'jĭn). A maiden.

vow (vou). A solemn promise.

W

wake (wăk). Track.

wane (wān). To grow shorter.

wardrobe (wôrd'rōb). Articles of dress.

wend (wënd). To go on.

Y

yearn (yŭrn). To wish sorrowfully.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS



Mercury's cap

The child's world is a make-believe world. He loves to play a part, and endeavors, from his earliest years, to actualize his ideals. To the boy the life of a soldier, of a fireman, of a sailor is the very epitome of distinction. "When I grow up," he says with a dignified air, "I am going to be a great man—a policeman." And so, day by day, in his play he acts the life of his hero, be that hero a policeman, a sailor, a soldier, or a statesman, his ideal changing with his mental development.

In much the same way, the girl puts on dignified and maternal airs, piles her hair high on her head, dons a long dress and a cap, cuddles her doll or baby brother in her arms, and acts the part of a mother. Frequently she will assume the part of a character in a favorite book and dress and act it beautifully. Sometimes a dreamy, imaginative child will act out, in play, incidents and impressions that have come into its life. A little Scotch lassie attended service for the first time in a Catholic cathedral. The incense, the altar, the music, and the statufary stirred her vivid imagination and awakened an artistic impulse. On returning home, she horrified her orthodox Presbyterian parents with the announcement that henceforth she would attend the Catholic church. Refusal on the part of the parents resulted in mental disobedience on the part of the child, who thought to herself, "If I cannot worship at a real shrine, I will make one of my own." And so, with brush and paint, she drew on the inside wall of the barn loft where she played, an altar with its lighted candles and its saints. At once the dimly lighted room became a great and glorious cathedral, with its altars, incense, and beautiful robes. So great a thing is imagination.



Neptune's trident

To this quiet retreat in the barn loft came the Scotch lassie to kneel at her own altar and worship as a Catholic girl.



Four designs for Greek borders

The painted shrine, with its crude, grotesque drawings, must have expressed something of the child's intensity of feeling; for when the European war began some soldiers, who were housed in this barn while awaiting orders to go to the front, were greatly impressed with the drawings on the wall. They thought them beautiful, yet they were the work of a nine-year-old Scotch lassie who was trying to actualize her mental and emotional world.

The author, realizing the educational value of this instinctive desire on the part of children, has written the *Greek Photoplays* to aid in its expression. The color plates and half tones, with their legends, represent, as in a motion-picture play, the successive features or steps in the stories or dramas.

The plays can be represented on the lawn, in the house, or on the platform of a schoolroom. Children can act the stories in pantomime, or they can compose a little drama, using the motion-picture drama for a plot. To create the wording of the various dramas will be an easy task, as the pictures illustrating the four plays naturally suggest possible conversations. The children who posed for "Endymion" were always trying to think out possible speeches for the various characters in the play.

They often asked, "What do you think Diana said when she sought Jupiter? Did Endymion say this or that?"

No play should be acted without being suitably staged and costumed. The Greek robe is so simple in design that any nine-year-old child can make his own. He cannot only make the Greek dress, but he can also paint a Greek border upon it, using any one of the designs or patterns given.

The dramas are very effective when acted to music. The "Spring Song" makes a charming accompaniment for Proserpina when she dances among her flowers, and the time during the



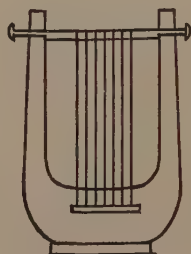
Greek costumes

intermissions may be utilized for Greek dances or Greek chants. In this way all the children may have a part in the drama.

Staging the plays was great fun, for our imaginations (the children's and the author's) were taxed to the utmost; since we



Venus's urn



Apollo's lyre

were trying to show that the drama could be effectively staged by pupils of schools in any locality—in the remote country districts as well as in the prosperous cities where all manner of materials are accessible. In staging “Endymion,” Pan’s costume was something of a problem, but a bit of raveled-out rope and a discarded Japanese musical instrument, which we found on the ash pile, solved our problem. Later on we broke the instrument up and made a pipe like the model shown on the next page. Neptune’s trident was a broom handle and a piece of white cardboard suitably shaped. Diana’s bow and quiver were purchased at a Japanese store; the sandals were made of the soles of shoes and tape—tape solved most of our problems. For Mercury’s caduceus we used a stick around which a wired weed was twined in the form of snakes. Jupiter’s thunderbolt was a painted stick to which were attached paper wings and wires to represent lightning. The dresses were all made of cheesecloth—care having been taken to choose colors that harmonized: pale pink, purple, yellow, and white. All the stage properties can be made by the pupils in the manual-training classes, or they may be borrowed from the homes of the pupils.

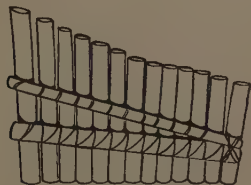
HOW WE STAGED A PLAY IN PORTLAND TOWN

In Portland Town, a place so fair,
Was staged an old Greek play,
And in an instant we were whisked
To Fairyland away.

We haunted shops for clothes to wear —
For jewels, crowns, a torch;
Enchanted places were the lawn,
The basement, stair, and porch.

The gods wore robes like spiders' webs,
Of style and hue most rare;
For fur to clothe the shepherd lad
We climbed the attic stair.

With reedy pipes from woodland dells
Came winsome, blithesome Pan;
Over the hills, Endymion
To this same city ran.

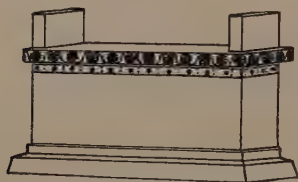


Pan's pipes

Diana on bright moonbeams sped
To earth on mission true,
Her loved one's sheep she guarded, then
To Carian Cave she flew.

Amongst the trash was found for Pan
A most bewitching pipe,
From lands remote Diana got
A bow of wondrous type.

Brown paper answered for a cave,
White paper made a moon.
A toy-shop lamb Endymion saved —
To find it was a boon.



Pan's shrine

A box became a shrine for Pan —
'T was not a bad excuse.
A porch with Doric pillars white
Enthroned the great god Zeus.

And when "Endymion" was played
In far-off Portland Town,
Each one his simple part did act
In classic band and gown.

The town into a mythland turns,
With gods along the street,
And everywhere the pipes of Pan
The ears of listeners greet.

That one had entered Fairyland
'T was easy to conceive;
And Portland Town became to us
The home of Make-Believe.

As an illustration of how the Photoplays may be treated, the story of Apollo has been dramatized. It is believed that such a dramatization of the myths by the children will prove to be an invaluable experience, for the mental action of clothing each part with the proper words will quicken all the faculties played upon by the imagination. Then, too, dramatization more than anything else aids in interpreting the characters and stories.

The child taking part in the drama absorbs the story eagerly, and gains a quickened sympathy with the people and an appreciation of their life. Under the inspiration of the plays he turns quite naturally to the hero tales of the ancients and through these a knowledge of the beauties of Greek art and Greek literature gradually takes hold of him.

By making their own costumes and the stage accessories the children will gain not only a truthful understanding of Greek dress and Greek customs but also a lively appreciation of design, color, and rhythm.



Mercury's caduceus

SUGGESTED READINGS

The books in the following list contain helpful material for reading, reference, and study, indicating the sources and the deeper meaning, as well as the vast influence in art and literature, of the Greek and Roman myths and legends.

The titles are arranged according to the adaptability of the books for use by pupils from the lower to the higher grades.

In Mythland, Books I and II. By Helen Beckwith. Educational Publishing Company, Chicago.

Old Greek Stories. By James Baldwin. American Book Company, New York.

Stories of Old Greece. By Emma M. Firth. D. C. Heath & Company, Boston.

Gods and Heroes. By R. E. Francillon. Ginn & Company, Boston.

Stories of Old Greece and Rome. By Emilie Kip Baker. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Myths of Old Greece. By Mara L. Pratt. Educational Publishing Company, Chicago.

Long Ago in Greece. By Edmund J. Carpenter. Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

Myths of Greece and Rome. By H. A. Guerber. American Book Company, New York.

The Age of Fable. By Thomas Bulfinch. Edited by E. E. Hale. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston.

Classic Myths. By Mary Catherine Judd. Rand McNally & Company, Chicago.

Old Greek Nature Stories. By F. A. Farrar. Thomas Y. Crowell & Company, New York.

Greek Myths and Their Art. By Charles E. Mann. The Prang Educational Company, New York.

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